

WARNING

By the Bellman.

As long as you never marry me, and I never marry you,

There's nothing on earth that we cannot say and nothing we cannot do—

The flames lift up from our blowing hair, the leaves flash under our feet

When once in a year or a score of years our hands and our laughter meet!

For east and west through a sorry world we pass with our joy to sell,

And they that buy of our song and jest they praise us that we do well,

But few can sell us the mirth they buy, and few be that know a song,

And for all of the praise of the kindly folk, their speeches are over-long!

But two of a trade, one always hears, might get in each other's way,

And you might be wanting to sing, God wot, when I desired to play,

(Oh, it's rather a danger with folks like us and our sparks that are flying free)

But I never, never must marry you, and you never must marry me!

But when we take breath from songs at last, to be what the rest call dead,

They'll sigh "Ah noble the songs they made, and noble the jests they said!"

And they will inscribe on our monuments regret that our day is done—

But we will be off in an excellent place, and having most excellent fun—

Oh, very proud from a golden cloud you'll stride in your crown and wings,

Till you hear my little earthly laugh from behind my gold harpstrings;

And you'll lay your gemmed theorbo down on the nearest star or moon,

And carry me off on a comet's back for a long, wild afternoon;

And while we're lashing the comet up till it misses St. Michael's Way,

And laugh to think how the seraphs blink, and what the good saints will say,

We'll heave a little sigh of content—or a wistful one, maybe—

To know that I never can marry you, and you never can marry me!

Major-General William L. Kenly, head of the American aviation service, is a native of Baltimore. He graduated from West Point in the artillery in 1885, and first saw service in Cuba, later in the Philippines and on the Mexican border. Then came six months at the flying school at San Diego, and last July he went to France as colonel of the Seventh Field Artillery, being quickly promoted to a brigadier-generalship. While in France General Kenly was placed in command of the air service and showed such unusual aptitude for the work that his appointment to the aircraft board came almost automatically. Before returning to the United States, General Kenly spent six weeks on the British and French fronts studying the latest developments in aviation work, and he also spent some time at aviation training schools in England. He earned the reputation of being able to get results under difficulties while serving as a recruiting officer in New York from 1908 to 1912.

Maximilien Harden comes from a Polish family in Posen. His father's name was Witowski. He was the proprietor of a large textile mill. Through unfortunate circumstances and reverses he lost

practically all his property. Young Witkowski left home at an early age, went on the stage, and took the name Maximilien Harden. In the late "eighties he went to Berlin to seek an engagement. There he met Fraulein von Schabelska, a Russian star, at that time the favorite with the theatre-goers in the Kaiser's capital. She persuaded him to take up journalism, and induced Paul Lindau, then leading theatrical manager in Berlin and publisher of a weekly magazine, *Die Gegenwart*, to put Harden on the staff of that magazine. Soon there appeared a series of reviews, criticisms, and articles in the weekly and other publications of so unusual a style and point of view they began to attract general attention. They were signed "Apostata." Harden began his career in Berlin a little more than a year before the youthful emperor, William II, on March 10, 1890, dropped overboard Germany's greatest pillage, the ship of state, Prince Otto von Bismarck.

WITH PEACE IMPENDING

By Arthur Stringer.

I HATE the Hun! I hate him, not for all
Our valorous dead who, cleansed of littleness,
Like rain have fallen that their world may live.
Nor shall I hate him for the metaled heel
That ground the breasts of Belgium, soft with milk;

For all the poppies wheatlands left a waste,
And desolated cities where the cry
Of homeless children greets the dull-mouthed guns,

And rivers red with blood, and Rheims in ruin;
Nor yet for women torn between the claws
Of lust, I hate him, nor for midnight bursts
Of death upon the unguarded tents of pain,
Nor brutish laughter where the lordly ship
Stricken, goes down, and leaves the lonely sea
More lonely with the last sob of a child,
Incredulous that men strike thus and live.
Nor must my hatred feed on him they took
In battle, black with smoke—him over whom
The maple leaves once sang—and held aloft
And spitted close against their blood-red wall,
Slow-writhing, on the Cross invisible
Whereby we dreamed such things could never be
A blade of Rhenish steel through each torn hand,
And through the bleeding feet twin blades of steel
For these I scarce need hate, since the high dead
Are dead and far above our rancor sleep.
Wounds may be left to silence and to time,
And over buried wrong the ivy runs.
Yea, in the years to come these riven lands
Once more shall laugh with poppy and with wheat,
And pure again shall flow the streams of France
And on the plains of Flanders children play.

But him, the Hun, I hate, and ever shall,
For trusting on my soul his gift of hate;
For wresting from my hands life's final flower
Of tenderness, for hurling on my heart
The lust to fight his lust, since as a brute
The brute must still be faced. Yea, back he turned

Our feet—back to the twilight paths of time,
To jungled wraths and fang confronting fang,
And thick-coiled venoms. All against our will
He drags us down to his own hellish depths;
Back to the age of tooth and claws he hurls
All me and mine, and on a startled world
Imposes his black creed. He, e'en in death,
Shall not be worsted, spitting in our teeth
His hates triumphant—leaving in our hand
A blood-stained sword, and wonder in our eyes!
—New York Times.

"I understand that the young man in the house next to you is a finished cornetist?" "Oh, is he? I was just screwing up my courage to finish him myself. Who did it?"—Observer.

APPOSITES OF "NO HUMILIATION"

By Owen Seaman.

(Certain people have proclaimed their opinion that the German nation ought not to be humiliated.)

UMORS arrive as thick as swarming bees;
Our evening rags announce with raucous clamor

The latest wire, the semiflual wheeze
Transmitted by the fertile Rotterdammer,
Giving a local version
Of William Two's spontaneous dispersion.

They leave me cold. I care not how he pays
The heavy debt his deeds of wanton fury owe—
Whether he puts his orb to bed, or stays
On exhibition like an antique curio;
The reckoning we charge
Has to be settled by the Hun at large.

Here and elsewhere his advocates impute
Innocence to the Boche—a gentle creature,
Too prone perhaps to lick the tyrant's boot,
But otherwise without a vicious feature;
They'd have our wrath abated;
Poor child, "he must not be humiliated."

Why not? Against his army's bestial crimes
He never lifted one protesting finger;
The wrongs of Belgium drew his jocund rimes;
Over the Hymn of Hate he loved to linger,
Pressing the forte pedal,
And wore—for luck—the Lusitania medal.

He took a holiday for children's slain,
And butchered women set his flags aflutter;
Our drowning anguish served for light refrain
To beery patriots homing down the gutter;
On prisoners he spat,
The helpless ones, and thanked his Gott for that.

Had he but fought as decent nations fight,
Clean-handed, then he must have spared his honor;
But now, if Germany goes down in night,
'Tis he, not we, that puts that shame upon her,
Shame not of mere defeat,
But such that never our hands again can meet.

Why should his pride of race be spared a fall?
Let him go humble all his days for sentence.
Why pity him as just a Kaiser's thrall,
This beast at heart—tho' fear may fake repentance?
For me, when all is said,
I save my pity for our murdered dead.

—Punch.

Philip Berolzheimer, president of the Eagle Pencil Company, who has been appointed park commission by Mayor Hyland of New York, is a music enthusiast, his favorite instruments being the organ and the piano. In the spring of 1917 he was appointed a special deputy park commissioner, with immediate jurisdiction over the music in the parks. He made use of the police band and some of the other municipal bands, and supplemented the concerts given by those organizations with others by more famous musicians, for whose services he found a way to pay, although never calling upon the city for any funds.

Charles—John, you're getting old, aren't you?
John—Aye, that I am. If I live to the end o' this month I'll be a hoctergeranium.—Tit-Bits.

Sergeant Gaul (with much emotion)—Darling, something has been trembling on my lips for the last two nights.

She (coldly)—So I see. Why don't you shave it off?—Great Lakes Bulletin.